

her dreams round me,
 clouding my
 senses ? (*Suddenly he tears the
 creeper,
 and rises up.*) No more of
 this; for
 this is death. What game of
 yours
 is this with me, little girl ? I
 am a
 Sanyasi, I have cut all my
 knots, I
 am free.—No, no, not those
 tears. I
 cannot bear them*—But
 where was
 hidden in my heart this
 snake, this
 anger, that hissed out of its
 dark with
 its fang ? No, they are not
 dead,—
 they outlive starvation- These
 hell-
 creatures clatter their
 skeletons and
 dance in my heart, when their
 mis-
 tress, the great witch, plays
 upon her
 magic flute*—Weep not, child,
 come
 to me. You seem to me like a
 cry of
 a lost world, like the song of a
 wander-
 ing star. You bring to my
 mind
 something, which is infinitely
 more
 than this Nature,—more than
 the sun
 and stars. It is as great as
 the dark-

ness. I understand it not. I
have